THE FOUNTAIN

THE VILLAGE COLLEGE,
SAWSTON

JULY 1963

OUT OF THE WINDOW

As I look out of the window
I see soft feathery clouds,
Foaming, slithering, sliding clouds,
Hills and mountains of pure cotton wool.
Then, the blue, blue, sky,
With the clouds dashing in and out.
I feel as if I want to be a cloud, too,
Dashing in and out.
I want to be pure white, too.
Then I see the greens and browns of the trees,
Standing out, tall and straight,
Towering above the earth.
Then I wish I were tall and straight,
Overlooking all the countryside.
Then, last of all,
I can see the sparkling, twinkling grass,
Shining with the morning dew.
I can see so many colourful objects,
I want to be like them, too.
Still, better to be a girl, after all.

Linda Green 2nd Year

DAFFODILS

As I peered out of the window
The rain came overhead,
Then the cloud burst,
The rain came pouring down
Over the sweet yellow daffodils.
They seemed to like the rain
Bouncing on and off their heads.
Suddenly the rain stopped,
The sun appeared,
Drying up the puddles and the wet roads.
Everything was quite different,
The daffodils shone, sparkled and glittered.
They looked like specks of gold
Blowing about in the breeze.

Susan Watkins 1st Year

WIND

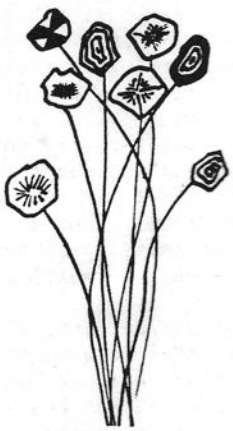
Wind knocks at the doors of sleeping houses,
Bangs upon windows and shutters for shelter,
It whistles down the chimney pots and wakes
The slumbering people with some ghostly sound.
Then it whisks away to dark woods
Tossing the leaves high as it bounds along.

Dawn Paul 2nd Year

THE WINDOW

Crystal clear,
Sparkling and glittering,
That shiny window pane,
The tiny specks of dirt
Amuse me when I look,
The putty round the edges,
Stuck hard and very solid,
And then the fly,
Buzzing and battering,
Trying to get free.
Oh how it holds some magic,
That shiny window pane for me.

Martin Challis 1st Year



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WARDEN'S PAGE

We hear a great deal about time and I have been reminded that it is high time that I filled this page. So I intend to pass the time in writing it by speaking about time.

For one thing, have you ever thought how difficult it is to judge time? - but that may come as no shock to you who have played a party game in which you are asked to walk the length of a room in exactly a minute. I expect time will go by with a rush when you are in class but the prisoner must feel differently when he is "doing time". Then again, have you puzzled about the spaceman's idea of time as his watch ticks on while he passes rapidly from day to night? Some writers, too, have had a great deal of fun with time and written very clever stories or plays about it. One day try to enjoy what H.G.Wells or J.B.Priestley, for instance, have done in this way.

Quite recently, I was asked by a teacher of medieval history if I really appreciated how long a hundred years were during the Middle ages; and I said I could do this better as a grown-up than as a schoolboy. Events of twenty-five years ago and since are quite vivid, and I can, using links connected mainly with my grandmother, whom I can remember, multiply by four with some mental effort. Were I to live to be a hundred, I suppose the task would be easier - or would it?

You, however, are not concerned with how persons of my age sense time; for you the time is the present and next year might be the next century. Grown-ups seem very much about the same age and, although their grey hairs increase, you never seem to notice them. You know grand-dad must be older than dad but you have never worked out their ages very carefully. You have heard one is forty and the other seventy - but, so what?

What is the connection with our present school magazine? The present is but the short time between the past and the future, and it is never long with us; so I am glad that you have bought this record of our present because it will soon be gone. Read it and enjoy it now because it is fresh and a mirror of ourselves but also keep it among your souvenirs; in the years to come it will raise smiles, sighs and regrets. In its little way, it will become a historic document; it will recall old faces and events; and it will speak either of "the good old days" or of times when education was apparently primitive and lacking all the opportunities your sons and daughters will have. Make no mistake: it does not take long to become old fashioned or to see crazy schemes come true. The comics I read as a boy foretold of wars fought with rockets and rays; you are reading about men going to the Moon, and even Mars. When your offspring land on such distant (?) planets, what will "The Fountain" look like then?

J. Highmore

AS YOU LIKE IT

The Marlowe Society performed this well known Shakespeare play at the Arts Theatre in Cambridge. Most of the fourth year went to see it. Many other schools were there in different coloured uniforms. We had tickets for seats right at the front, and everyone waited rather impatiently for the play to begin.

Suddenly the lights went out and the curtains opened. We had seen the girl who played Rosalind in "Macbeth" and "The Taming of the Shrew". We think she is a very good young actress. She made Rosalind seem a very real person. We thought that Jaques did not seem melancholy enough, and that Audrey was a bit overplayed, but very funny. Le Beau amused us; he reminded us of one of the boys in our form.

We thought the scenery for the Duke's palace was rather ugly, but that the set for the forest was attractive and cleverly used.

The last part went only too quickly and we gave hearty applause for the good acting. Everybody was discussing the performance afterwards, explaining their likes and dislikes.

About a week later there was a television production of the same play, and we were able to compare the two. Most of us preferred the Marlowe presentation.

J.Fletcher Y.Smith 4th Year

BORROWDALE CAMP, 1963

On Thursday, 24th April, we set out with Mr. Darkes and Mr. Wilkinson to our camping site at Borrowdale. After a rather rough ride we arrived just in time for tea. We then had the job of putting up the tents, and had our first taste of freezing mountain water before bedding down for the night, after what seemed a very long day.

We breakfasted on eggs and bacon, and then made our way to Glaromara, which was the first mountain we climbed. Skiddaw and Helvellyn were still to come. We also climbed Great Gable, which proved quite an experience, and a gully which, as it was raining had very slippery sides. We arrived back at the camp soaked to the skin, and it was a great comfort to get into warm beds.

We also went canoeing on Lake Derwent and saw the pleasant town of Keswick near the lake. To get our bread, milk and eggs we had to trudge across two fields of sheep to the farmhouse.

We left Borrowdale a day early as the weather forecast for the next day was rain, and we did not want to break camp in the rain. We had a lovely journey home. We arrived home around midnight and were very glad of our springy beds.

Terry Collins 4th Year
Richard Wright 3rd Year

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S VISIT

Thursday, 30th May, 1963, was a day well to be remembered at Sawston Village College, for it was the day when the Duke of Edinburgh visited the school. He came to see the people taking part in his award scheme. Besides people from our school there were others from Comberton, Impington and Soham Village Colleges, Chesterton Secondary School, and a Perse girl.

Before 9.30 a.m. the people taking part in the display were assembled in the proper rooms. In Room 19, girls were taking part in make-up and hair-styling for the "Design for Living" section of the award. In Room 20, girls were doing such things as needlecraft, art, pottery, stage make-up and music. In the flat were girls who had set a meal out on the dining table. This was also part of the "Design for Living" section.

Meanwhile the school had assembled in the Second Court to await the Duke. The children sat in forms with teachers at their sides. The Royal car arrived in the Fountain Court just after ten. With the Duke were Sir John Hunt and Mrs. Gordon-Spencer. The Duke was greeted by Dr. Highmore, who introduced him to Mr. and Mrs. Burkitt, Councillors and other Officials.

The school were all standing when the Duke approached the Second Court. Instead of walking straight across the court, he strolled around the edge so that the children could see him. Opposite 3B1, he stopped to talk to them. He asked them from which villages they came. He also asked if they were taking a G.C.E. course and if they did any work. At this remark everybody laughed.

The Duke then walked towards the Burkitt Wing where he was met by Miss Rusted, who showed him into Room 19. Following the Duke were Press men taking photographs all the time. During the tour of Room 19 he talked to nearly all the girls, asking such questions as, "Do you recognise yourself after having all that stuff on?"

He then emerged into the flat where he tasted a piece of fish which was set out on the table. In Room 20, he talked to the girls who were doing varied activities. During this quite short visit, he talked to nearly everyone.

After saying goodbye to Miss Rusted he was shown to the Sports Hall, where he was met by Mr. Darkes. On entering the Sports Hall he could see how hard the boys and girls were working on their interests and pursuits. As he left, he was introduced to some boys who have now received their Gold awards. They were lined up along side the tennis courts with Mr. Clarke.

The Duke then went on his way, up the field towards the two helicopters waiting to take him and his party to the Leys School. On his way he stopped to talk to boys and girls doing athletics.

Beside the helicopters had gathered a crowd of villagers. After saying goodbye to his hosts, he mounted the helicopter. He was sent off with a cheer by the villagers. This was the last the School saw of the Duke as he flew overhead.

Howard Brunt, Lynda Christian, Richard Clay, Valerie Holmes,
Stephen Housden, Pauline Mee, Richard Wright 3rd Year
Jill Hughes 4th Year

THE ROSE QUEEN CEREMONY

It was not the best of weather that summer produced on 9th May, 1963. The wind was cold and the sun was hidden behind the clouds. The Rose Queen Ceremony took place in the Fountain Court. Most of the school were there, parents and other visitors, many wearing coats.

When all the spectators were seated they heard a roll of drums, and music filled the air as the procession moved slowly on to the lawn. The banners of Stapleford and Duxford came first, and then the Rose Queen, Teresa Lepora, with her attendants and a page carrying the crown. She wore a white dress. Judy Carter, last year's Rose Queen, followed in a pink dress. They both carried bouquets of pink and white roses. Mrs. A. C. Crook of Stapleford took the crown from the page and put it on Teresa'a head. When she sat down she was presented with a bouquet of blue irises.

The entertainment was for the Rose Queen herself, and she was entertained by the planets and stars. These were first-year children and they mimed the story of the universe for her. There was a commentary to explain it, and music by Benjamin Britten and Claude Debussy.

Atlas staggered in carrying the Planet Earth on his shoulders. He circled the court and took his place in the centre. The other planets and constellations came out in turn, the sun first, dressed in bright yellows and vivid orange, with jagged edges. His attendants circled him with wild leaps. Venus wore peach silk; she had flowers on her dress and in her hair. In came Jupiter, King of the Universe, with his servants, and Mars, the God of War. All the planets came and revolved round the earth.

Then came the signs of the Zodiac: Gemina, Leo, Capricorn, Sagittarius, and so on. They wore black and white tunics. We could recognise them by the signs on their tunics. They circled Earth too.

After all the stars came the astrologers. They wore fine colourful gowns. They looked at the planets through telescopes and kept consulting an old book. They decided that the earth was not the centre of the universe, so they made Atlas take the world down and the sun took its place. The earth became just another planet, and the mistake was put right. The stars all revolved around the sun, and then went out.

Afterwards the visitors were entertained at tea in the dining-hall, and talked about how much they had enjoyed it.

Stella Bloomfield, Pauline Cox, David Eusden, Michael Francis, Doreen Reed, Sheila Hewitt, Anthony Smoothey, David Thompson. 2nd Year.

THE ROSE QUEEN

The spring is here at last,
And in at last comes May,
See how the trees come in full leaf,
And the Rose Queen comes again.

As if she knows she's royal,
As if she knows she's Queen,
As if she knows she's beautiful,
This rose comes in the spring.

You touch a soft delicate petal
And see the harsh prickly stalk,
But the soft pretty face of the Rose Queen,
Is a lovely sight to be seen.

Patricia Smith, 1st Year.

THE STAFF

Back row. Left to right.
Mr.Taylor,Mr.Baker,Mr.Black,Mr.Vincent,Mr.Petter,Mr.Webb,Senior Master,
Mr.Darkes,Mr.Wilkinson,Mr.Gray,Mrs.Wiard,Mrs.Smith.
Second row.
Mr.Jagger,Miss Stringer,Mrs.Gant,Miss Weston-Waite,Mrs.Cranmer,Mrs.Finley,
Mr.Grainge.
Front row.
Mr.Erasmus,Mrs.Forster,Deputy Warden,Mr.Stock,Dr.Highmore,The Warden,
Mr.Rodwell,Miss Studley.

I PACKED MY BAG

Watching "I Pack My Bag" on television the week before my own debut, was quite a moment. From then on my worried mind thought of nothing else except next Monday. But Monday, May 6th, soon came round, and in the morning my friend Charles eyed with satisfaction my tidy hair, clean white shirt and polished shoes. I wore all my school uniform, much to my distaste.

At 1.30 p.m. an Austin Convertible drove into the school's drive. The driver behind the wheel could see ten smart children waiting eagerly to get aboard with a mixture of frowns and smiles. Settling ourselves down, we started on a boring journey. As the Warden decided to sit with us, all was quiet and still throughout the long trek to Norwich.

By 3.30 Norwich's traffic noise reached our ears, and soon eager eyes were peering out the window to watch out for Anglia House. When it was spotted, everyone's stomach rose to his mouth. Excitement was growing. With half an hour to kill, David Day, Robert Evans, Linda Haworth, Sandra Hargreaves, Josephine Bailey, Paul Hurlow, Stephen Touey, Sandra Gordon, Teresa Lepora and I walked amongst the Norwich people, buying sweets to amuse ourselves until 4 p.m.

When Dr. Highmore arrived, we were ushered into the building for a rehearsal, passing many personalities - Dick Joice, John Macgregor and Antony Brown - rushing to them for autographs, pleading and excited. A quiet-spoken, kind-hearted Producer showed us Studio B where our actual broadcast was to be televised. Entering this studio, to my surprise, I saw cigarette butts lying on the dirty floor. Cameramen were smoking sluggishly and wore sloppy jumpers. But still the floor manager, a ginger-haired fellow, was kind and considerate, seeing that we followed directions. Arranged in our correct seats "Rehearsal" was lit up on the announcer. Voices quieted as cameras moved in to focus and spotlights into the eyes. The signature tune began.

Rehearsal finished, another hour to sweat out, time soon went, and once again I was in my seat, but this time the announcer lit up "On the air".

Antony Brown introduced the programme and Fiona Spring-Rice kept score. The alphabet machine produced "k" and I began with "kite", just as I had in the rehearsal, and managed to win £2. 7s. 6d. in theory. This time, the vital game, my luck ran out and I was eliminated on the ninth go. Mildenhall Secondary Modern School from Bury St. Edmunds went into a roaring lead, while astonished Sawston faces watched each other eliminated.

To my surprise, I found myself back on again. This is when the boobs started to unfold themselves. The announcer, Antony Brown, first forgot to announce my name, then he called me Vanessa because he thought she had won the round when it was really I, thirdly the timing went chaotic.

But that last round! I was the lucky person to win. To think up a word beginning with "v" is very difficult. I was the last and I knew a word no one had called; time was running short and so the other contestants were buzzed quickly.

Having finished dinner in the Anglia Canteen, we were shown around the control units, which overlooked all the studios. The producer, who showed us around, seeing that we were tired and restless, took a hint and called it a day.

Arriving back at Sawston about 9 p.m., having left Norwich at 7.15, Dr.Highmore was very pleased with our performance, though we had lost.

Robert Skey, 3rd Year.

AN EVENING OF DRAMA

Mr. Macmillan worked very hard getting the entertainment ready. On Tuesday and Thursday, April 2nd and 4th, Sawston Village College held an evening of drama. Many parents arrived to see what the children did in their drama lessons.

Most of the items were mimed. First on the programme were exercises in mime and movement by 1B2. They showed us how they mime move and group. The girls and boys then mimed everyday duties in the house. They also did three sketches "Bus Stop", "Country Scene" and "Seaside". The first showed how different people waited for the bus. They quarrelled and in the end missed the bus. "Country Scene" was about a milk-maid trying to milk a cow and a young boy coming along to help her. "Seaside" was about some boys mixing up other peoples clothes. This was very funny.

Next was "Closing Time at the Museum" by the Special Class. Joyce Goldsmith danced as she dusted the statues, while visitors were looking around.

The fourth item was danced by Myra Bell, Susan Loveday and Pamela Scott. It was about a Princess who tries to catch her shadow. The Queen of the Shadows enters and shows her it is impossible. They dance about in the night and then go to sleep. While they are asleep the Prince of the Shadows enters. The Princess awakes and falls in love with the Prince and he allows himself to be caught. The Queen is annoyed by this, but on seeing how distressed the Princess is, she finally relents and turns the Prince into a real person.

Fifth was "Checkmate", performed by 1C. This was mimed very well and the music was exciting. One of the girls danced with daggers in her mouth.

The next item was "The Gladiators" by 2B2 and 2C. A tree ghoul has bewitched some children and turned them into bushes. The bushes ask the ghoul to let them go, but he will not and gets two more children. The mothers come to search for them but fail to find them. Three boys come to the wood to play. They get tired and sleep. The mothers return and search again. They see the boys asleep and ask for help. They explain what has happened and agree to rescue the children by killing the ghoul.

The next item was by 2B1, called "Morning Break". The scene started by children sitting in a classroom doing an exam, with the headmaster watching over them. Then the classroom suddenly becomes a cafe, David Eusden, a sad, lonely boy, goes into the cafe. The waitress asks him if he wants anything to eat. He says, "No". The girls start to jive and do movements with their hands. The boy gets involved in a rough fight and the police are called. The boys twist with their guns and many people get shot. While all the excitement is going on, the headmaster comes in, and everybody moves back. He doesn't know anything has happened.

This was a very modern play and the clapping showed the audience liked it.

"Early Snow" was spoken by Teresa Lepora and Madeline Lerous. Tina Starling and Diana Knightley mimed as they spoke, and two court ladies joined in a dance at the end.

Next were two conversations, written by Harold Pinter. The first was "Last to Go", acted by Richard Wright and Graham Felton. It was very funny. In a cafe, the owner and a paper-seller told each other what they had been doing during the day. The other conversation was "The Applicant". The applicant was Tony May and Barbara Jobson was the interviewer. She asked him questions about what sort of person he was This was good, too, and the audience liked it.

The tenth play was "The Clearing", produced by 2A. It was about gypsies who were playing cards. One man lost, started a fight and was carried off.

Last was "Prometheus" by 1A and 1B1. The music and words were on tape. It was very impressive. The lighting and miming were exciting and everybody enjoyed it.

To end with, a farewell was spoken by John Truelove, just a few words to say goodbye to the audience.

Cheryl Wisbey, 2nd year.

CHRISTIAN UNION

Every week in the term, on Thursday at 4.10, the Christian Union meets in the Walnut Room. Usually there is an attendance of about twenty. In every year in the school there is a representative: V. Zamikula, 1st year, G. Armstrong, 2nd year, Arthur Greaves, 3rd year, Helene Palmer, 4th year. The President is Nicola Lane. Mr. Petter, Miss Templeman and Miss Weston-Waite are also members.

After school some of the members form the working party, which goes to the Old People's Bungalows in New Road. This group digs or weeds the gardens, chops wood, and sometimes does their shopping. Mr. Petter helps them with their work.

Nearly every week we have a visitor who talks about Christian life. Dr. R. Anstead talked about the four wise things in the world. The Rev. D. Watson talked about the Door of Life. One week we were lucky to have Miss V. Lawrence, who told us about the lepers and brought a film. Another week we had a guitarist, Mr. M. Perry, who sang Christian songs.

Nicola Lane, Helene Palmer. 4th year.

HISTORY CLUB

The History Club held two interesting meetings. The visit to Grimes Graves took place on a Saturday. Arriving near the site, we sat down to eat a packed lunch and looked at some interesting stones and spearheads in a hut nearby.

After finishing our lunch we went on. Soon we came to a flat concrete circle, and there were steps with a handrail going down for a hundred feet. We all got down safely and started exploring in chalk caves. The walls and ceiling were very narrow and low. We went crawling and crouching on our hands and knees with torches. At the end we collected a few stones and left, feeling we had spent a worthwhile day.

At the second meeting we were shown a film about life in the prehistoric age, how man hunted animals for food, his tools and his weapons. It showed the slaughter of a stag in colour. Prehistoric man knew many ways of building dwellings in caves or in underground ditches. He was very skilful in craftsmanship, making his tools and spearheads out of bone and flint. Gradually he became more civilized and discovered the delicacies of nature. He used his weapons with tremendous skill.

The film lasted for half an hour. It taught us a great deal about prehistoric men, and made it much easier for us to understand them. All the members (about twenty-five) enjoyed it immensely.

Timothy Pembrey, 2nd Year.

RECORD CLUB

Each Wednesday at 4 p.m. the Record Club meets in the music room. There are about twenty members, who are in the third and fourth years. The first and second years have a similar club on Fridays. Some people bring their own records and Mr. Baker brings some of his. Members can dance and Mr. Baker sometimes jives with the girls. The records are mostly fast ones to which one can jive or twist.

Members are allowed to change their clothes but not many do. Meetings end about 5.30. They are a very enjoyable pastime.

Avril Green, 4th Year.

POP SESSION

The fifth Form had the good idea of raising money for the Freedom from Hunger Campaign. They held a half-hour Pop Session in the Hall during the dinner hour on 21st and 22nd March, 1963.

The school responded magnificently. Mainly thanks to 2C, who did a wonderful job on the publicity, there was a large attendance and more than eleven pounds were raised. There were a large number trying to dance and a large number dancing. There was the sale of raffle tickets at 1d. each. The winners were Miss Studley and Jennifer Harris who each received a record token.

Richard Wright, 3rd Year.

OLD SAWSTONIANS

Not many in the school will remember when Antony Hessey was a pupil. He is training to be a teacher now.

More recently, in July 1960, Linda Talbot left the school and the district, having been head girl for a year. David Bradford went to Pye's as an apprentice toolmaker. He was deputy head boy with Jennifer Knock as deputy head girl. She took a job as a junior clerk at Simplex.

Office work was popular. Also in July 1960 Roger Piper went to the Cambridge General Post Office and Donald Smith to the ticket office of British Railways. At the same time Rowan Jackson went to Pye's as a trainee draughtsman.

Following them Linda Hoppit became head girl and David Nunn head boy. Linda is now at Addenbrookes Hospital in the radiography department and David is at the University Press. Carol Spendelow, Patsy Taylor, Andrea Hargreaves, Andrew Bell and Roland Hanneman left at the same time for further education at the Technical College.

Antony Hartridge completed his sixth year and then entered the Navy. Soon after Jane Ingram went to Denmark for a year; now she is at Robert Sayle's until she is eligible for nursing. Others also in nursing are Jean Belbin in Bishops Stortford, Rachel Mansfield in Newmarket. Pamela Underwood is child nursing.

Working as telephonists are Pat Pugh, Linda Butcher, Rosemary Starling, Wendy Dyble and Maureen Mills. Hairdressing was taken up by Janet Malyon, Ann Dyble, Linda Fordham, Linda Clark and Ingrid Wallwork.

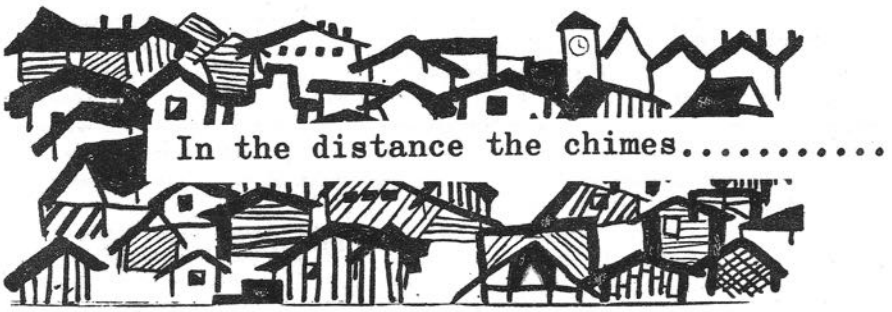
Girls seem to enjoy shop work: Jennifer Pearl is at Hepworth's, Ann Carder in Marks and Spencer, Rosemary Couche in Jennifer Separates, Pat Evans at Robert

Sayle's, and Susan Sales in Woolworth's. Celia White and Ann Collen are in Lyons restaurants.

The Summer of 1962 saw the departure of Ian Stenning and Peter Cobbet. Ian is cabinet making and Peter is with a building company. Pauline Wilby and Janet Aldrige are in offices at Shelfords.

Pauline Edwards, 4th Year.

IN THE DISTANCE THE CHIMES



I

In the distance the chimes of the church clock could be heard. I began to walk in the direction of the sound when a tall formidable looking wall caught my eye. My natural curiosity made me stand on my tiptoe, stretch my whole length, place my finger tips on the top of the wall and peep over.

"Umph," I said, "It's up for sale". I didn't think of time now, even though I would be late for lunch. I thought only of exploring that house which drew me to it like a magnet.

I found a cracked and splintered door which was locked by a rusty key. Try as I might it would not turn. There was nothing else but to haul myself over the top of the wall with the aid of a few broken bricks. I landed hard and descended into the garden. It was nothing but a back yard covered with paving stones which had cracked into a million pieces. A thorn bush was trying to grow together with a kind of coarse grass. The house stood absurdly large. Though my knowledge of historic architecture is limited, I was sure that the house was at least one hundred years old.

I then descended into the recesses of the house which, as I was at the back, began with the cellar. I must have been exploring the cellar for about three quarters of an hour, for I heard the clear toll of the church bell ringing out the first hour of the afternoon. Simultaneously I sensed the presence of another person and, though I don't know quite why, I froze with horror. A sixth sense told me to hide and I drew back to the protection of a towering brick wall in black shadow. Sure enough a wizened woman wrapped in a flowing black mantle showed herself in a streak of afternoon sunshine which had forced its way into the cellar.

"Where are you, eh?" she cackled like an old witch. She knew I was there. Her

yellow hair matched her aged teeth as she spoke.

I was forced to come out of hiding and I stood there like a fool while her piercing sunken eyes looked me up and down.

"I'm sorry", I tried to smile apologetically, "I had no idea anyone was living here".

"No idea, eh," the old woman still stared at me suspiciously, "You aren't here to steal, are yer?"

"No, it's up for sale, isn't it?" said I, changing the subject. I was wise enough not to say that I thought there was nothing worth stealing.

"Aye, so it is, but I live 'ere!"

Then she went, mumbling incoherently until I heard her no more. It was a few minutes before I dared to move and at first I thought this to be a ghost house. My imagination ran wild. The cellar walls became black figures dancing before me and I bit my tongue as I dared to peep into darkened corners. The church clock struck once more and made me sense the time. Swiftly the first clang and then a second forced me to torture myself no more.

I turned heel and stumped my way noisily over glass and pieces of wire, out into the open air. My eyes blinked until my vision cleared and I drew myself once more over the wall. It was just after two o'clock. I knew I would be repremanded fiercely for my absence at lunch but somehow I did not care. I would not have missed my adventure for the world even though my heart pounded as I thought of it. I resolved to go back there some day.

However, when I did go back only half the house stood standing and the wall had disappeared.

Rosalind Hanneman, 4th Year.

II

In the distance I heard the chimes of the town clock and I began to walk towards the sound. In my pocket was a letter, my entry for a competition. It had to be in by the next day and the last post was half past six. It was now only six; I could take my time.

On the way I heard a pitiful cry coming from the side of the road, and there was a rather scruffy bedraggled looking terrier. As I ventured closer I could see that his leg was shattered. Just then a car came round the corner, I signaled it to stop but it carried straight on regardless of my signal.

Now what was I to do? I was no good as a vet and the nearest one was a mile away in the other direction. Then I glanced at the letter in my pocket. I could just make the post if I ran, but what of the dog? This is more important, I thought as I looked at the pitiful sight lying on the grass verge. I stuffed the letter in my pocket and gently picked up the little ball of fluff. It snuggled up to my jacket and looked up at me with sparkling eyes. I set off briskly down the road. Then I heard the half-hour chime. My heart sank, but, I thought to myself, although I have lost the competition, I have gained a friend. I looked down at my new friend.

Robert Evans, 3rd Year.

III

In the distance the chimes of the town clock could be heard. I began to walk in the direction of the sound when there was a sharp jerk and I woke up with a start.

It was early morning, the birds were chirping in the shaded avenue, while the owls flew back to their abode after a long night's hunting. The air was pierced by the chimes of the village church, which must have woken me. I took my head from below the white, warm, crinkled sheets and immediately noticed the brilliant sun peeping through the slightly frosted window. There must have been a ripple of a breeze as the shadows cast by the trees were moving slightly, making dingy shadows on the light wall-paper to the left of me.

I had to shut my eyes and open them again carefully so that they would get used to the rays. I reached down beside my bed to find not a book but the homework that was unfinished from the previous night. I sat up abruptly, "Oh! No!" I said alarmed, "I must have fallen asleep, I'll have to finish it quickly after breakfast. Yes, that's the only thing."

"Up you get, chum!" my mother called from the bathroom, before proceeding into her bedroom.

"O.K.", I replied in a sleepy tone. "I'll have to hurry if I want to get this done in time," I muttered to myself. "I know, I'll pretend to leave my book at home," I thought, full of enthusiasm. "No, that won't do. I've used that excuse twice already this week."

"Hurry up" my Mum called.

" 'K!" I replied in an indignant voice. I threw back the bedding and got out of bed after a few stretches and yawns. I walked sleepily over to my dressing-table to comb my hair, as it was all in knots after sleeping on different sides during the night. I ran my left thumb over a canvas board I had under painted a few days before in a vain attempt to see if it was dry. It was not. I carefully avoided the easel and walked over the warm carpets into the bathroom, coming into a warm patch of red carpet on the landing where the sun had been shining. It had a nice, warm, soft feeling to the soles of my feet.

I got washed very quickly, splashing the soapy water all on the floor and drying my hands so quickly I could still feel patches of water between my fingers. I was halfway into my room, having just crossed the warm patch, when the daily time-check came from my mother.

"It's half past seven".

" 'K."

"Get out of the way you wretched animal!" I gathered this was Mum telling Cora, in no polite terms, to remove herself from under her feet.

I walked briskly into my room, reached down for my exercise book and opened it where my pen had fallen between the correct pages.

"Breakfast!" came another shout.

" 'K."

I quickly got dressed and ran downstairs, jumping down every other stair. I gulped down my breakfast and immediately the last drop of coffee was gone I ran up-stairs, being hotly pursued by our dog, Cora who persisted in trying to overtake me through the narrowest gap between me and the wall.

I reached the top gasping for breath, and noticed how the patch of light had moved about four inches towards the bannisters. In my room I found I still had to make my bed and clean my shoes. The bed was easily made by having a brief pull-up and the shoes did not really matter.

I sat down on my little maroon chair in the corner, first throwing my bright yellow cushion on the bed, as this made me sit too high and my desk caught my leg. I hurriedly opened my rough book and wrenched off my pen top. There were so many little distractions around me. I had to keep crossing out words and adding others, but eventually I scribbled out the last word in a frantic rush. My satchel was hurriedly packed and, practically falling down stairs, I set off with only one minute to spare - what a rush!

Gerard Sherwood, 4th Year.

IV

In the distance the chimes of the town clock could be heard. I began to walk in the direction of the sound when I heard a queer noise which seemed to come from the water. I turned round and walked back along the quay. By the time I reached the edge of the water, which was covered with dense whisps of the gray, gloomy mist that was slowly engulfing the harbour, the wailing had died away.

I hurried into the gloom and saw the outline of a small craft gliding slowly towards the harbour. I could not see anyone on board, but as it came nearer I heard faint voices. As last the craft drew alongside the quay and I saw the outlines of the crew. One of them beckoned me on board and I went without hesitation, although I still do not know why. We set sail, and soon the town was left far behind. By and by, a small jetty appeared out of the mist, which was now slowly dispersing. The craft was tied up and I followed my companions along a small uneven path, which never seemed to end. We passed through fields, the grass burnt in places as if once there had been fires. The trees loomed ghostly and still out of the gloom, and not a bird sang or a branch cracked to break the silence.

Presently my companions halted in front of a gigantic mountain. As the mist had now almost cleared I began to look around me more. The first things that I noticed were my companions. They were strange, sullen people, ordinary in their dress, but with a look of fear and unrest in their eyes, as if they would not be at ease until they had carried out their mission.

My thoughts were abruptly scattered, by a terrifying roar that shook the very earth I was standing on. I looked up and froze at the sight which met my eyes. Monsters of enormous stature came, one by one, out of the mountainside, sending boulders flying in all directions and uprooting trees as they came. I was too busy watching these creatures to notice my companions, who were working with a strangely shaped object which they planted in a small crevice near the side of the mountain. The air became chokingly hot. The creatures seemed to come nearer and nearer with every breath I took and their roars sounded like pistol shots in my ears.

My companions suddenly turned and ran, beckoning me to follow. The air grew hotter and hotter as we stumbled over the uneven path. We reached our craft, jumped on board, and made out to sea. Suddenly there was a blinding flash and the whole island was lit up from end to end. The noise died down and the mist set in again.

I looked at my companions as we neared the harbour, but as their eyes told me they were deep in thought I did not speak. I disembarked from the strange craft and walked silently in the direction of the town clock.

Catherine McEwen, 4th Year.

V

In the distance the chimes of the town clock could be heard. I began to walk in the direction of the sound when Tim caught my arm and said, "I don't know; do you think we ought to do it?"

I turned and saw the look of indecision on his wind blown-face, "Well, we accepted this dare, now we'll go through with it."

At this retort, he stood thinking for a minute. I too felt a bit edgy since I had never before climbed a church spire.

"Still", he replied, "we can win ten shillings if we accomplish it."

"You know, it does seem pointless," I said, "climbing a tower for a worthless letter from a weather cock." The wind whipped up from the inky blackness, with a tail like a whip, and battered out open faces.

"Well, let's go," said tim, moving off down into the village. We descended into the pacific darkness of the village, so dead at two o'clock on a Saturday morning. The darkness seemed to distill an evil aroma into the air. Nervously I ran my fingers through the brown hair over my forehead, pushing it back from my eyes.

On reaching the church, I could sense the inward excitement beneath Tim's phlegmatic exterior. The ticking echoed from the antiquated Church clock, as Tim began scaling a drainpipe. Within a few minutes I was resting by his side on the roof, gasping for breath.

"Give me a bunk up," Tim ejaculated.

"Here," I said, "put your foot in my hands, then perhaps you can reach the base of the Spire". With one final heave, he clambered onto the tiles of the spire.

"Come on up," he yelled, "its simple," reaching down with one hand as he spoke. I was inclined to disbelieve his sanguine tones as I grasped his wet hand. I dug my feet into the wall as I was hoisted upward.

"I'll go first this time," I said to him. "Give me a shove, will you?" Bracing himself on the gargoyle at the base of the spire, he pushed my feet upward while I clambered up using my failing arms to grip the tiles. I heard Tim clattering up behind me. I grasped the base of the weather cock as soon as it came within reach. Tim drew level with me, gasping and groaning. Then I saw it, a long gash in the palm of his right hand.

"I must have cut it on a nail in the tiles," he groaned.

"I won't be long," I said, trying to hide my worried tones. I hacked vigorously at the letter "N" on the weather cock. The climb had wearied my arms and the sawing became laborious.

Suddenly Tim let out a groan and slumped on to the tiles. "Tim!" I yelled, reaching for his coat. I was very confused but I managed to strap him to the spire. I jumped to the roof and slid to the ground down the drainpipe. Furiously I hammered on the vicarage door, quickly blurted out the story to the vicar who summoned the fire-brigade.

Firemen arrived and began preparing to rescue Tim. Then it happened! The belt supporting Tim snapped! I stood helpless knowing that it was my fault he was up there.

A sad ending, although Tim did not fall from the roof. I had the letter and we won our ten shillings, little consolation for the harm it did to Tim.

Philip Wright, 5th Year.

THE SOLDIER

The soldier suddenly felt very tired as he stared at the signs of devastation. Not for the first time he wondered at man's utter stupidity in fighting against his own kind. The victory was theirs, won at a terrible cost in human lives.

The soldier walked slowly along the desolate road. He needed a shave, he knew, and the filth from the trenches clung to him. The rest of the men in his platoon were celebrating now and talking of the people back home waiting for them. There was no one waiting for him; there was nothing but the road and the ravaged countryside about him.

He walked for several miles until he found himself in the streets of what must once have been a town but was now a heap of rubble.

The soldier tried to imagine what the town would have been like before the war. There would have been peasant women gossiping on the street corners or arguing with the shop-keepers. Children would be quarrelling and fighting in the passionate manner customary to the people of their country; the menfolk would return from their work in the fields or the local factory and spend their meagre wages in the taverns.

An impotent rage welled up within the soldier at the thought of the shattered lives. He unslung his rifle from his shoulder. His C.O. had issued a warning that some of the enemy might still be in hiding. The soldier thought it unlikely but he obeyed orders, because that was what the army had taught him to do.

It was then that he saw the church. A bomb had scythed off the belfry and part of the roof had fallen in, but for the most part it was in remarkable condition. The soldier thought briefly that God had been generous in sparing His own house. Too bad so many people had lost theirs.

He stepped inside and stood still, waiting for his eyes to become accustomed to the dimmed interior. Then he glanced around. The first thing he saw was a figure huddled before the altar in an attitude of prayer. At first he thought the person was dead, but a barely perceptible movement of the dark head told him his guess had been incorrect. The woman, for such she was, had not heard him and he moved silently to one side so that he could see her profile.

The sunlight poured through the broken part of the roof, illuminating the black hair and lighting up the woman's lovely young profile. He saw the sudden tensing of her body, and, although she did not move or turn her head, he could detect the fear she was so desperately trying to hide.

He spoke softly, first in English, then, as she made no response, in French, then Italian. At his Italian she started and he said, "Don't be afraid. I won't hurt you."

She rose awkwardly to her feet and faced him as he walked down the aisle towards her, wishing she would step into the sunlight so he could see her face.

"Who are you?" she asked quietly.

"I'm from the battalion that fought out there to-day," he replied, flicking his thumb in the direction of the door. "What are you doing here? I understood all the towns had been evacuated."

"Most of them have been. My mother, sister and I were among the last to go. We were caught by the enemy. My mother was killed outright and my sister was turned over to the soldiers. I managed to escape and came back here."

"But why did you return here?" he asked, wondering at the serenity of her face. "If you had travelled south you would have come upon some allied soldiers who would have taken care of you."

The girl's lips twisted into a smile, "Why? Because I came home to die."

Her hand slid from where it had been holding a scarf close to her body, and he saw the terrible wound and the blood before she collapsed in his arms.

Jennifer Harris, 5th Year.

TREES

Trees cast dark shadows on the ground,
The world is noisy,
But in the woods not a sound,
Except for the trees whispering softly,
Their arms grasping out to the sky,
Waving to passers by.

All little buds grow into branches,
While old trees wither and die.
Brittle bark lies strewn about,
Trees are interesting without a doubt.

Susan Whittaker, 2nd Year.

THE RIVER

The river flows down its bed
Never pausing to rest,
But always rushing on,
Passing through town and country,
Over roads and under bridges,
Running beside railways,
Twisting and turning,
But always rushing on,
Pouring over waterfalls
And running through ditches,
Coloured with dirt and mud,
Water lilies and leaves floating
on top,
Bobbing up and down,
Some lost, then found.
That is the life of a river.

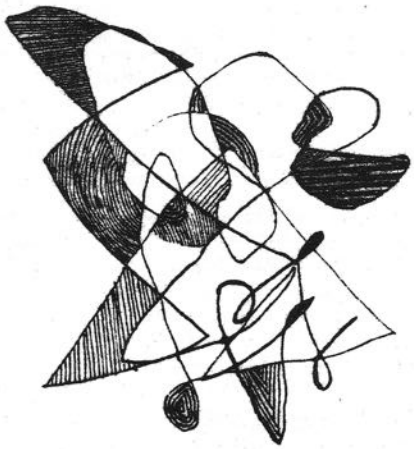
Josephine Bailey, 3rd Year.

THROUGH THE STREETS

The wind sweeps over the rooftops,
Gathering speed and leaving destruction.
I walk, cold, desolate, without thought,
Battling against the overwhelming force.

Through the streets I walk, alone,
A newspaper wraps around my foot,
It's on its way again before the wind.
I watch it go and struggle on.

Ronald Ikin, 4th Year.



BUTTERFLY IN BLUE

She flitted across the path
In a delicate tiptoe dance,
She spread her wings
And caught my eye,
And sent me in a trance.
She landed on a lily
And sucked the morning dew,
Her wings were pointed to the sky,
A heavenly morning blue.
She pranced across the meadow,
With fairy wings she flew,
She flitted o'er the buttercups
And skimmed the drops of dew.
She sat upon the hyacinth
With grace no princess knew.
Her beauty touched my heart.
With an everlasting clue
To the princess of the insects,
My butterfly in blue.

Catherine McEvan, 4th Year.

A TALK ON A TALK

What am I going to talk about? I suppose this is the first question I have to ask myself. If I don't think of a talk, I won't be able to give a talk, and if I don't give a talk I won't get any marks. All right, I know I have to give one, so what shall I talk about?

The school? No, everybody talks about that some time or other. School dinners? No! I don't like the thought of talking about them.

Mind you, there are such things as Animals, Birds or Girls or — No, I don't think so. I could talk on Holidays, Cars, Lorries, Driving, Riding, Canoeing, Singing, Top Ten, Carpentry, Hobbies, Gardening, Climbing, Running, Sports, Boats, Dogs, Pets, House, Factories, Television, Electronics, Fishing, Punting, School Lessons, Plans, Trains, British Railways, Current Affairs, History, Swimming, Diving, Pictures, Smoking, Art, Drawing, Cycling, etc. etc.

Oh! I don't know what to talk about. You know, to decide what to talk about is not an easy task. Once you have found something you can go on and on talking about it. Mind you, it still takes a lot of nerve to say it in front of an audience. But you don't have to look at them. You might find an object on the ceiling to stare at or bury your face in the paper.

Gosh, I don't know, perhaps I'm lazy, I think I'll just keep talking and see what happens. If the audience boo's, I'll know they have had enough, but if they don't, I'll just keep talking.

Oh keep quiet please; it's hard to think about what to talk about when your audience are talking. That sounds daft, doesn't it? After all, I am talking.

Just think what I could be doing now. I could be swimming in the new warm blue water of the swimming pool in town, or sun bathing on the beaches of Cornwall with a lovely hot tasty Cornish pastie or a lovely dish of cool Cornish cream. It's enough to make your mouth water. I think I should like just to be sitting amongst you now, listening to somebody else talking and making fun of them.

Gosh, I am getting in a muddle. Talks, no! I don't want to give one. Why can't we just write them in our books and be done? I suppose for this competition you have to do more than just read out of a book. That's an idea! I could write about the Fair-Speaking Competition; that would be a good gimmick ..... or don't you think so? I don't know, perhaps it would be better if I settled for, for..... Oh, I don't know. Blow it. Why can't we just read and recite?

Geoffrey Powell, 4th Year.

RAIN

I hate rain. Splashing its way through streets that it makes desolate, it pounds down unexpectedly on the inhabitants, caught in their flimsy summer clothes, soaking them to the skin. It streams on regardless, not caring about our feeble bodies which are allergic to that dreaded menace, the common cold. On it goes, dripping down the necks of the people who half shelter under the trees.

Straight home we run, dispirited and wet. We reach the gate, and as we turn the door-handle we breathe a sigh of relief. Our mothers tell us to get dry, have our tea and straight off to bed or else we will have a cold. We climb into bed hoping to have to stay away from school for a few days. The next morning we

wake up and sure enough we have picked up that dreaded virus infection. This means no school.

I like rain.

David Churchill, 3rd Year.

THE GHOST TRAIN

The rumbling of the engines had ceased, smoke no longer poured through neighbouring windows. Aberfeldy station was closed under the Beeching Act.

Andrew, Stewart, Adrian and Christopher made their way through the gate at the side of the station, onto the wooden platform and into the disused ticket-office.

Andrew, just eight, took his usual place at the window of the ticket-office. His fair hair and hazel eyes could just be seen over the ledge of the window. As usual his knees, hands and face were dirty and his hair was all over his face. If he were asked to choose a game, he always began with "Let's pretend."

Now he stood on tiptoe and shouted, "Let's pretend you are passengers and I am selling tickets for the ghost train. My Daddy told me about ghost trains."

"Yes," Adrian replied, "I'll be a farmer and take my cows with me."

"I'll be going back to boarding-school," Stewart decided. He was nearly nine and was going to boarding-school. The only part he liked was the journey.

Then it was Christopher's turn. He was not yet eight and he decided he was going to Edinburgh to buy a new car.

Stewart, Christopher and Adrian went out and when they returned they bought sweet-paper tickets with stones for money. Then they went out to await the arrival of their train.

It was not long before Andrew shouted, "Here it is. All aboard."

"Quick, it's going."

"Don't let it; our cows aren't on."

The boys ran up and down excitedly, shouting and looking for seats.

Steam began to rise in the clear blue sky to the north. This went unnoticed by the boys until they heard the chug-chug of a steam train which appeared round the bend. Quickly they dived into hiding, Andrew going behind an old railway truck. The green fairy-like train chugged by, its body freshly painted. It had a tall chimney and a squeaky whistle which was put in use at the gates just past the station.

When it was passed the boys emerged dirtier than before. After this slightly scary event they went home.

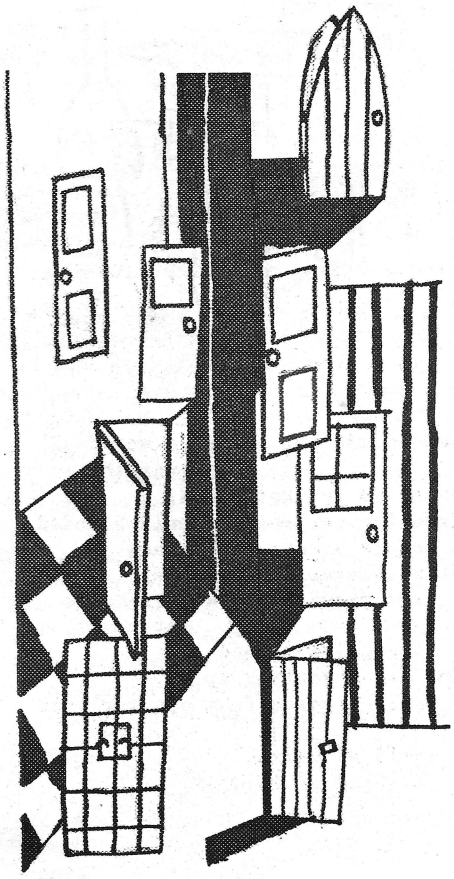
At tea that evening Andrew's father asked him if he had seen an old train pass by.

Andrew asked, "Was it a green shiny one?"

"I believe so, it was going to a museum at Edinburgh and they thought it was easier and cheaper to take it through here."

"I saw it," Andrew smiled.

Pauline Edwards, 4th Year.



DOORS

A strong, bold, smooth piece of wood,
With a machine at one side to open and
shut it.
The handle shines, made of brass,
The framework around it and the fast
colours,
Blue, bright orange or perhaps green
for punishment.
A faint squeak may be heard when it opens,
The noise of the bell through the door,
My classroom door opens to let me out.

The other was an old rickety door made
of oak,
One of the hinges nearly off and with a
bright screw,
A keyhole with a large old key becoming
rusty.
Instead of a bright bell this old door
had a knocker,
With a horrible face on it, I thought
it the face of the devil.
I could just see some tulips growing
In a pot at the top of the thick oak
framework.
I pushed the door open.

Margaret Bright, 2nd Year.

There stands a door carved in oak,
And a mighty door it is,
It keeps intruders at bay,
And also keeps the draughts away.

This door is found in larger houses,
With a heavy brass door-knob on the
front,
And a large pair of steel hinges
supporting it,
To keep the oak door firm.

There are different kinds of doors,
Different in shape and size.
Some are varnished, others painted,
But the hefty oak door stands strong.

Nicholas Bailey, 2nd Year.

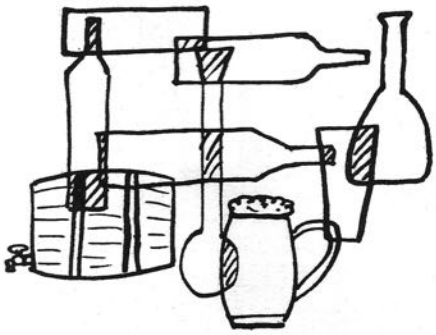
What a waste of wood and time!
It's such a waste of energy,
Turning a handle and pushing
On a swollen door.
A charge is often necessary.
Then there's the door with rusty
hinges,
Squeaking when pushed, like tire-
some mice.
I wish I were an architect,
Then I'd design a doorless house,
But now I am only a boy,
So I shall have to put up with
it.
Who ever invented doors?

Graham Stallan, 2nd Year

THE ISLAND

Far away, miles away,
Is the island of my dream,
Where monkeys climb among the trees
And the palm trees lean in the wind
Which blows across the sandy shore.
The coconuts fall like rain from
the trees,
And the sea ripples up the shore,
Sometimes big waves, sometimes
small waves,
The cliff stretches tall and black
into the sky.
The sky as blue as the sea,
No clouds,
No rain,
Just hot sun.
Far away, miles away,
Is the island of my dreams

Christopher Wood, 1st Year.



BED

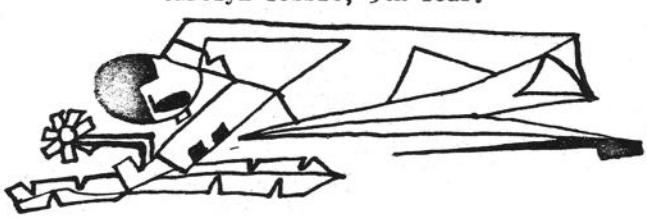
Bed is another world, a world of
warmth,
Where no one gets cold,
Except a few who are cold-blooded.
A bed is a heap of clothes
With someone snug inside.
It's a place to look forward to
at night.
I like going to bed
But dread getting up.
It's like going from one world to
another,
A world of warmth
To a world of cold.

Alan Hancock, 2nd Year.

DAD

My dad is an odd sort of person,
His main love to smoke and to eat.
He sits at his desk for just hours
With holy socks on his feet.
Every Sunday at seven
He disappears down the road,
And asked where he's been to,
Says, "Just to the Partridge and
Toad."
He hates Billy Fury and Elvis,
Thinks their discs shouldn't be
sold,
He says their hair is long and
greasy,
Well, maybe thats just 'cause he's
bald.
When I ask for some money,
I have to beg on my knees -
And when he's told he's a miser,
He says, "Well you could have
said 'Please'."

Carolyn Tebbit, 5th Year.



A HAIRCUT

When the hair, after a short period of fast growth, reaches the collar at the back and flops into the eyes at the front, it is generally the time for me to have a hair cut, which entails a quick bicycle trip down the street to the barber.

Inside one person usually waits while another is having his hair cut, it being very seldom that you are the first there. The shelves are lined with hair tonics and creams, cigarettes, light fuels, wicks, combs, tooth-brushes and many other accessories. You watch the clippers and the scissors do their duty and the hair mounts slowly on the floor - soon the person seated in the chair has had his hair cut and so too has the person sitting waiting next to you.

Then comes the foreboding word, "Next," and you look at your mass of hair in the mirror for the last time. You sit in the chair and have a cloth put round you stuffed into your collar by a piece of rolled cotton wool. The clipper is switched on; its cold teeth nibble at the hair at the back and up by the ears, its noise increasing as it approaches them, hair falling like snow onto the cloth in front of you.

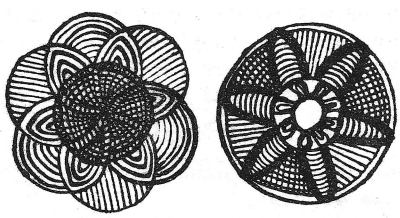
It seems very quiet when the clipper is turned off. This is followed by the comb and scissors, the comb lifting the hair, the scissors cutting it off, with a little pull every now and again which makes you sit up more sharply in your seat. The scissors slowly move round from the back to one side, then from the back to the other side, over the ears included. After these war tactics at the back of the head the scissors jump to the front to work back to the damage already caused. You think, "Will I have any left at all when he has finished?" After a bit of thinning out on the top he asks, "Anything on?"

You reply, "No, thank you," wondering whether it is worth putting cream on a bald head and thankful that it is over. Dare you look in the mirror? Yes, you think so, and to your relief he has left you some, but you pity the small parting which is hardly worth parting any more. All the hair that should be on your head you find down your back under your shirt, and you only wish that you could replace it as it is very irritating to the skin.

Keith Page, 5th Year.

FANTASIA

The film was full of action with
frightening parts,
The music was loud with devils and
spirits,
I sat on the edge of my seat in
suspense,
Louder and louder became the music,
The movement of the devils and
monsters became more dramatic,
Suddenly it all died down,
The scene became a quiet grave-yard.
I relaxed in my seat.
The scene was now full of funny pink
elephants in frilly skirts,
My head stopped rushing,
I sat back in my seat and began to
laugh.



Janina Jasny, 2nd Year.

JANE

Jane sat alone in the classroom gazing up at the ceiling, resting her head in her hands. Her mother had asked her that morning if there was anything wrong. She had answered that she was all right, but something was worrying her.

Ever since she had started school two weeks before, she had felt lonely, although she knew what to expect because she had been through it all before. She had not said anything to her mother because it hurt her pride. At the other schools she had always been ready for the girls to criticise her, but till now they had only given her quizzical glances. The teachers had always been kind and had tried to help her.

When she entered the classroom on her first day Jane felt the girls looking at her intently and she knew exactly what they were thinking. The following days proved sad and lonely for her; the girls did not say they disliked her but she felt uneasy all the same.

Several of the girls entered the classroom at that moment, quickly glanced at Jane and continued their conversation.

"Do we have to go to the pictures again?" one girl asked.

Jane would have been happy to go anywhere with them. Wendy glanced in Jane's direction and Jane felt sure there was a look of pity in her eyes which she hated more than anything. All the same she wanted to be friends with Wendy in particular but could not be sure the feeling was mutual. The girls turned quickly round and filed out through the door. When Wendy closed it behind her she smiled. Jane knew then she must try harder to break the ice, which she could only do by herself.

The next day Jane went to school determined to make friends. She would approach them when they were all together and ask point blank why they would not be friends. Then she thought that would be cruel and she would have to try a more subtle approach. Everyone sat quietly and she lost her nerve.

At that moment, the teacher came in for registration. After she left Jane approached the group of girls. As they turned to look at her, she asked them in a quavery voice what the homework was for the following Monday.

"Oh," replied Wendy, "it is the precis on page 16 of the blue book. Can I help you with it! I expect you will find it quite difficult because I thought it was awful".

"Yes, I would be very grateful if you would help me."

"I'll meet you here after dinner. Then we can get it done quickly and go and sit on the field."

After dinner Jane met Wendy and they worked through the precis together. When they had finished they were talking quite happily together. Wendy's friends did not join them. They sat together until the bell went. They talked about their various interests and Wendy asked Jane if she would like to go to the pictures.

"Are you sure?" replied Jane.

One after the other the girls, who had come over, smiled kindly at her and she felt much happier.

Jane did go to the cinema and enjoyed herself very much. She had thought it had been because she was coloured, but she now knew that it was only that the girls were shy.

Mary Truelove, 5th Year.

MY HOME TOWN

I was born in London within the sound of Bow Bells. I am therefore a Cockney. I lived for the first eight years of my life in Battersea, in Queenstown Road, next to St. Philip's church.

Battersea is part of the metropolitan area of London. That means it is not a suburb. I cannot remember every detail, but I do remember well Battersea Park and the Fun Fair and Clapham Common. Battersea Park was where I used to spend a lot of time when I was not at school. It is a very beautiful place and I cannot remember seeing much litter about. The flower beds were very beautifully laid out and there was never a weed to be seen.

There was in the park a children's zoo and I used to visit it frequently. I used to like best, I remember the goats, who would eat anything from a paper bag to your hair ribbon. I remember a very lovely calf called Anne, who was another great friend of mine.

The Fun Fair was a great place for noise and excitement. In the middle was a very large deflatable rubber giant with a very stupid grin on his face. There were built up roads through the Fun Fair, and instead of a white line down the middle there were enormous "foot prints" of the rubber giant. I used to imagine that every night he got off his pedestal and walked about!

Clapham Common had no flower beds, no zoo and no fun fair, but plenty of litter. It was just a large expanse of rough grass with a very small wood at each end. The only thing spectacular was a horse show each year.

Clapham Junction was the shopping centre and I can remember Woolworth's, Marks and Spencer, and all the others, I can also remember the post-box in which I dropped a doll's bonnet and cried because it didn't come out the other end.

Lavender Hill was where I remember seeing the old-fashioned trams, and after they were not used any more I watched the men taking the tram lines up and relaying the road. From there you came to the bomb site where most of the children played. Now there is a large and modern block of flats there. It doesn't seem possible that once we had our imaginary shops and houses and gardens there.

Next to the bomb site was the little sweet shop where odd pennies and three-penny bits were spent. Now it is a coffee bar, which suits me, but I will never forget that friendly atmosphere. Down the road was a toy shop where we gazed in awe at the luxuries the window held, especially the train going round and round until it ran down and was rewound.

The church was where all crowded on a Saturday afternoon to gaze at the bride's long white dress and to look at everyone's best clothes. A crooked seam, or a petticoat showing was soon noticed by us children and many a face was turned to a tomato hue.

I loved London.

Hilary Chapman, 4th Year.

LEAVING THE HOUSE

At last the day had come. Everything was packed and boxes and cases smothered the lounge, carpets up and pictures down leaving every room bare.

After a quick breakfast we heard the furniture van drive up the yard. While everything was being put into the van, I got out of the way and looked out the wee window of my bedroom for the last time. It was not a pleasant view, only the Chivers factory, and I was glad I was leaving it for the countryside.

I began to dream about the fields and forests, with ponies on a hunt chasing the rabbit, sheep being rounded up by the graceful sheep dog, and the far from elegant pigs and cows on the farm next door.

Suddenly I was awakened from my dreamland by my friend's voice. I rushed down the creaking stairs and we went out past the station saying goodbye to each other and promising to write. As I wandered home, I saw the van leaving our house and my father getting into the car. Then we were off, off to my new home.

It took six hours of a long car journey before I reached the best day in my life. Turning corner after corner we saw a large cottage surrounded by a farm. As soon as the car had stopped, I jumped out and ran to the cottage.

It was white with a newly thatched roof. The attractive looking window could hardly be seen, as it was hidden by ivy. As I opened the front door I discovered the little bronze bell hanging over it, acting as a kind of door-bell. Inside there was one large room, a kitchen, three bedrooms and a bathroom. All these looked very old-fashioned, with beams across the ceiling which the previous owner said had come from a great sailing ship. The old-fashioned fireplace was the largest I had seen.

Indeed it was a quaint old cottage and around it were fields and trees for miles, just as I had dreamed. As my puppy ran around the garden and into the green carpeted field, I imagined him as a sheep dog with every farm animal round him. I knew I would be happy here.

Diana Knightley, 2nd Year.

A NIGHT

One night there was a crackle in the steps, and an owl hooting in the trees. You can picture in your mind an owl with big eyes and a reasonably long beak hunched in a tree. A thunderburst from the east sounds like a hurricane, and then a flash and a crash. When you see the flash you wait for the bang, quiet and frightened. Some hide under the cover, and some lie timing the thunder happily. When it goes away, you are very relieved, but usually it starts raining. You hear tapping on the windows which keeps you awake, and the whistling of the wind. And the dog howling in the noise of father's rhythmical snoring. The train's are clattering under bridges. The wind gets through the ventilator, and the night passes by.

Colin Phillips, 2nd Year.

THE DOG

The dog lay silently by the fire,
Occasionally his leg would twitch.
His fur shone in the firelight
And his brown eyes sparkled,
A leg hung half over the kerb,
And within hand's reach of the fire,
Now the master approaches the dog,
And the dog rises ready for his walk.

Paul Hurlow, 1st Year.

MY AMBITION

I should like to become a long-distance lorry-driver and see a great deal of the countryside.

Lorry-drivers have to be more skilful than the average motorist as they have to contend with a tight schedule and blow-outs which could be very dangerous if they were carrying inflammable goods like fuel or spirits.

Another snag of lorry-driving is the possibility of becoming snowed-in in winter. The danger of this is that the driver could suffocate before help arrived. Driving in summer is easier although it has its dangers as well. The combined restful effects of fine weather and the noise of the engine can ruin a driver's concentration, and his chances of having an accident are much greater.

Drivers are allowed to stop at certain roadside cafe's on their route for refreshment, but they are not allowed to drink alcohol and they must deliver the goods on time.

Long-distance drivers have to be the sort of men who can endure solitude for long periods and also keep their concentration. They are, to a large extent, responsible for the goods they carry, so they must be trustworthy men. There is very little glamour to driving long distances but there is all the satisfaction of arriving at your destination right on schedule with the goods intact.

Long-distance drivers are paid quite well and are protected by government schemes. Countries like Australia have an urgent need for good long-distance drivers but they must be willing to drive hundreds of miles at a stretch in hot steamy cabs.

In spite of these dangers and discomforts this is the job I would like to do when I leave school, and to me it would be a very interesting job.

William Jackson.

BLOSSOM

Out of the window I spy,
Beautiful pink and white.
Oh! how it sways in the wind,
Cherry blossom and almond
blossom,
Apple blossom and pear
blossom,
Deep red, softest, palest
pink,
And delicate white.
Pretty pink and white
together,
Like a dainty ballerina.
Soon it will fall from the
tree,
Like snow in the cool chill
winter,
Whirling and twirling along
the ground,
There it will rot and end
its life.

Prudence Rozier, 1st Year.

THE SHIP

There it was
The thin pencil shape,
Ready to leap upwards,
A great blast of power.
And away it went
Slowly at first but with
every increasing speed,
Resting on a thin roaring
flame.
Where is it going?
To the moon, the milky
way.
Oh what a thing to do,
To leap into the boundless
heavens,
Away, away, away.

Ricky Taylor, 3rd Year.

CHOOSING A TOPIC

It is homework time, so off goes the radio and television and the house is quiet. The cat on the rug in front of the fire mews and rubs itself against my legs. It is picked up and put outside. And so everything is quiet again.

Homework will take a long time this evening. The subject is English and my work is to write a composition. Probably this is the most dreaded time for any young person.

Three topics to choose from. They are:-

"A Day at the Seaside" "Saturday Afternoons" "Hobbies"

What dreadful topics these are. The same old topics to write about year after year, and every year the composition has to be longer.

"A Day at the Seaside." What is interesting about a day at the seaside? Not for the teen-ager of to-day, I feel. There is nothing at the seaside these days except loud voices and noisy machines and I can no longer enjoy the quiet and peace of the sands and sea on a hot summer's day. So that topic must be crossed off the list.

"Saturday Afternoons" is the second topic to think about. I cannot write about my Saturday afternoons because I have to spend each of them doing what I am doing now. Yes, I spend them doing homework.

Well, that only leaves the third and last topic "Hobbies". I wonder just how many compositions I have written about hobbies since I first began to attend school. Absolutely hundreds, I should think, but I am afraid that I must add yet one more to that very long list. So this time it will be about "Stamp Collecting".

Sandra Hargreaves, 3rd Year.

MY DOG

Whenever I pass a small mound at the bottom of my garden I have a sudden feeling of regret. The mound is the grave of my dog. I often sit and remember the way I trained him and the fun we used to have. We used to go for long walks in woodland and race across fields.

When he was a puppy my father helped me train him. We were very strict and he was not allowed his own way. First I trained him to "sit" and "stay". The next thing I remember training him was to walk to heel. My father next taught him to fetch a ball or a stick. At first Prince (that was what I called him) did not understand and would run off with the stick and keep it. But he soon got the idea, for he was a very obedient dog.

I remember how we used to go for picnics and how Prince used to bark and gallop about.

There was only one really bad thing about Prince. He hated cats. It all started when he was a puppy. He used to bark at cats and watch them run away terrified. One day he barked at a cat and it turned round and scratched him on his nose. That was enough to make Prince hate cats for the rest of his life. He chased cats after that, but if his prey turned round to face him, Prince would turn tail and run.

Prince had his own bed in the kitchen and if he awoke early in the morning before we were awake, he would pass the time chewing up the bedclothes. One of his favourite pastimes was to steal a shoe or slipper and hide it. He always hid it in the same place, under the settee, so that it was easy to find.

He was a lovable dog and in spite of all his faults I was unhappy when he died. It is comforting to sit and remember him.

Elvina Creek, 2nd Year.

KIM

It was quiet and peaceful as I walked along the country road when suddenly a boom echoed dully across the still air. I looked up to see the cause of the sound. I saw a plane, its engine afire, spinning crazily to earth.

I was out walking with my dog Kim, a large black Alsatian, seven or eight miles from town. The air was still, the sky cloudless, with an orb of yellow fire beating mercilessly down upon us. I saw the accident, or rather heard it, and ran for all my lungs could stand, to where I thought the plane would come down. A plume of thick, black, oily smoke told me its whereabouts. It was on the edge of Harper's Quarry, a notorious place, and the scene of many a fatal accident.

The pilot, I could see him quite clearly now, was swinging gently to earth. All seemed to be going fine, but I reckoned without the wind. It disrupted the still atmosphere and plucked the drifting pilot from his original line of descent to one of danger, for he was heading directly towards the flooded quarry. My heart beat against my ribs wildly, for I was the only one who could help.

With a hollow splash, he landed in the stagnant water. I thought for the minute that everything would be all right, for he was sure to have an inflatable life jacket. But nothing happened, except a few ripples where he had gone in. Here was I, a non-swimmer, an audience on death. I watched him with a feeling of complete helplessness, as he struggled in the brackish water with his soaked tunic.

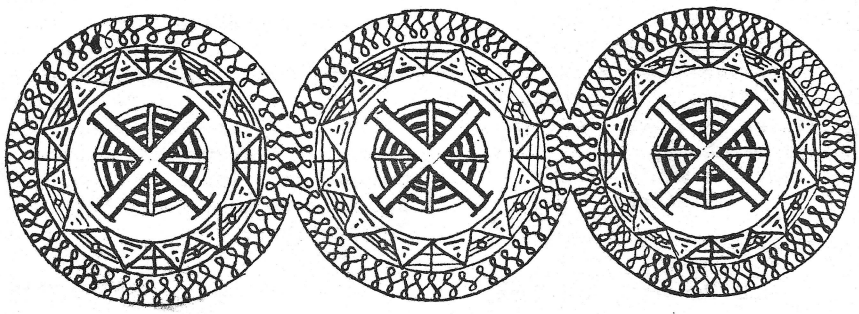
I was frantic; there was nothing I could do, but I reckoned without Kim. It was as if he knew what he had to do. With a growl that seemed to say good-bye, he dived heroically into the water and swam to the drowning man. He caught hold of his collar and trod water, holding the pilot's head above water. Slowly, painfully, they came towards the water's edge. As they came closer, I scrambled down and struggled with them out of the water.

Still there was no one here, so I began to apply artificial respiration. Slowly, gradually, then quickening, his lungs began to acknowledge me.

When the ambulance and police arrived, he was administered oxygen and rushed off to hospital. All the drama over, I looked around for Kim, and saw him, half drowned and exhausted. No one had paid the least attention to the real hero.

Half an hour later, Kim died in my arms.

John Brown, 5th Year.



FOREST FIRE

Stretched over the plain floated a great cloud. It was black in colour with a billowy outline against the blue sky.

Below there was a brilliant surge of energy being given off by the burning of the trees. The flames were towering many feet in the air, consuming anything they could grasp in their invisible teeth. The flames were so brilliant that they still remained an image in the eye as you turned your head to look at other less brilliant things. They charred the wood of the trees until it dropped smouldering on the dry shrubs, and then, after lying dormant for a second, would burst into flame and gradually grow until it towered with the rest.

Innumerable trees were slowly being felled by the spreading of the fire. The choking smell of the smoke became unbearable. As people, looking like midgets compared with the size of the fire, tried helpfully to put it out with their fire-hoses, the crackle of the burning shrub and the giant roars as trees fell to the ground became a constant noise.

Then a helicopter buzzed overhead, spraying the fire with water and foam, and a sudden repulsion from the flames cut the fire from spreading. On the outskirts of the fire the flames were extinguished gradually, until only one large nucleus of the fire remained burning with all its might for a last stand. As more foam was sprayed over it, layers of steam ascended into the air, and then with a sudden "hiss" the fire was extinguished.

The belt of smoke that hid the sun's rays slowly diminished and the powerful rays of the sun once again lit up the scene. Now there were no magnificent pine trees and firs, but large black patches where they once stood. The wood was turned into charcoal, and as you walked across the ground the cinders crumpled under your feet into ash.

Brian Page, 5th Year.

THE CAVE

Dark and weird, the eerie stillness
in the dim light,
With only the faint sound of water
Rippling through the starlit night,
Yet in the cave the water rushes
and gurgles,
Through holes and caverns.
The bats fly and swoop,
Darting into crags of rock,
Their wings spread out,
They cut through the air,
Dive, twist with uncanny timing.
The dripping lime water in thousands
of years.
Forms stalactites and stalagmites.
And the fireflies glow like lanterns,
Lighting their way back,
Millions of years to man's first
existence.

Linda Haworth, 3rd Year.

THE LIGHTHOUSE

There upon the dragon teeth, far from the
shores of land,
Under the heavens, fiery with the sun's
luscious red,
Stands upon the red cruel rocks of treachery,
A tower, warning mariners of their dread.
A hundred feet tall, only ten feet wide,
It stands looking over the abhorred depths.
Around, the sea boils and froths in anger,
For no more will these waters claim a
mariner.
Soon the red skies turn to grey, then to
black,
And the warning beam, five thousand candles
bright,
Strikes its fingers through the night,
There was a graveyard of brave ships
Smashed and ripped on these teeth,
But no more shall they be fed,
For now there stands a beacon among the dead.

Graham Ritchie, 4th Year.

THE CURIOSITY SHOP

The old curiosity shop stood out amongst the new chain stores. It stood dirty, and yet inviting, on the corner of a long littered street. The owners were an old couple who lived contentedly amongst their curios and the old junk stored in the shop. Very few customers walked through its gloomy, low, dark porchway.

The outside of the shop was painted brown, as it had been for as long as I can remember. The windows were stained brown with age and they were very small. Over the door hung a faded sign bearing the name of Hawkins in large capital letters, and underneath was written "The best curios shop in town", a dim reminder of the days when trade was flourishing.

As I entered its dreary interior I walked up to a counter covered in dust. On the counter was a bell, which I rang. At this sound a little man whom I presumed to be Mr. Hawkins, came running out of a back room with a startled face, as if he had never heard it before.

"Y' yes," he said very excitedly, "what can I do for you?"

"Oh! I would like a clock, please."

I followed the little old man as he wound his way through the jumbled objects to a table full of clocks of all shapes and sizes, all telling a different time.

Mr. Hawkins showed me all his best clocks, and I finally chose one, a small round wooden clock. I paid him and returned to the counter to fetch a receipt which he insisted on my having.

As I turned to leave the shop a little woman came bustling out of the back room and said in a feeble voice, "Thanks, miss, you're the first customer we've had for a month!"

Bridget Page, 4th Year.

THE PICTURE

I stare at the picture on the wall,
It is large and square,
The setting is in the height of summer.
The sun is blazing away, everybody is
happy and joyful.
There are children playing games such
as leapfrog and catch,
There are women hanging out washing
to dry,
Other women are taking their washing in,
Around the picture is a large frame,
The frame is made of a very good wood,
On the wood there are many carvings.
In the corners there are carvings of
birds,
The black bird, the thrush, the robin
and a swallow.
I see the picture every day
And still I stop to gaze at it.

Philip Sanford, 1st Year.

TREES

Wind blowing through and through,
Bowing their heads to the wind,
Their leaves shiver in the wind,
Their creaking branches warn of the
coming storm.

Bending over with the strength of
the wind,
Their blossoms faded by the weather,
Now blowing around on the ground
Like little armies going to war.

Then the wind goes on and away,
The trees now are still and quiet,
Their body with full strength to the
sky.
Awaiting the darkness to come.

Helen Dye, 2nd Year.

THE EMPTY HOUSE

As I walked slowly down the sandy lane there came a gentle breeze which made the pine trees sway while the old oaks creaked. Slowly I walked along. The sun was now overhead and it was making me thirsty. Suddenly from the midst of a wood on my right came a twirl of smoke. I knew that there was an empty house there, but no one was living in it now. This I thought very strange and decided to walk over to see whose fire it was.

The wood was not a very large one but it was thick. The old roots of trees often made me tumble but luckily a bed of soft green moss had grown over them, which made my landing soft. Often there was a clump of wild snowdrops or even some violets. I did not stop to pick them but hurried on towards the house.

Suddenly, quicker than I thought I saw the house through the trees. The garden was overgrown with weeds. The windows were dusty and one panel was broken. Over the walls had grown a covering of ivy.

Quietly I stole up towards the window. There in the dilapidated room was a fire. Its flames had lit up the room. There was one armchair and a table. In the armchair sat a tramp. He was dark-haired, with a rough complexion for his age. He had on an old short, jacket and trousers. On the left of the trousers was a red checked patch. On the table stood his black spotted handkerchief looped onto a stick.

Suddenly he woke up, quickly I stooped down but kicked a stone while doing so. He came to the window and opened it. I pressed myself as close as I could against the wall and hoped he would not see me. After he had gone away from the window I quickly ran through the wood and onto the sandy road to continue my journey to the farm.

Dorothy Barker, 2nd Year.

FEAR

There I stood in darkness,
No window, no candle, no light,
The wind did howl,
The rain did patter,
Cobwebs hung in every corner,
And spiders ran,
Sending shivers down my spine.
Piles of rubbish, odds and ends,
Were all around, I could not move,
The walls became closer,
Closer, closer, colder, colder.
Then two bright eyes
Stared and glared at me.
What was it? Only my kitten,
I picked her up and took her down,
Down, out of the cold dark loft,
Into the warm firelit room.

Diana Knightley, 2nd Year.

A BAD DREAM

I do not know quite why I had this bad dream. Perhaps it was because I had gone to bed after a heavy meal late at night. I believe my head had just touched the pillow when I fell into a deep sleep. This is what I dreamed.

The morning was cold, with snow on the ground. The telephone had just rung. I hurried down to answer it. I picked up the receiver when suddenly it started to suck me up. I tried to shout for help but I could not speak. I was carried along by the sucker in a long dark passage where there were the biggest spiders I ever saw. They were red with blue and yellow fangs.

Then suddenly I landed with a bump. A big silver bubble came along and sucked me up into it. There were other bubbles with people in them. Suddenly I realized I was in Snatcher's Land. I had landed but I was still in the bubble and then it burst.

I stood there in a ring of ladders; I could not get out. A loud voice said, "Welcome, my friend, to Snatcher's Land". I tried to run but I was trapped. There were robots walking about carrying human beings, piling them into a big furnace, and afterwards taking the dead bodies to a huge fridge. I realized this was going to happen to me. I tried and tried again to escape.

A loud voice said, "We will have the world soon and no man will tread it ever again".

Suddenly the ladders fell down. I knew that I now had a chance to escape, but I did not know how. I started to run for my life, hoping to get back again to my own country, but I could not find a way out.

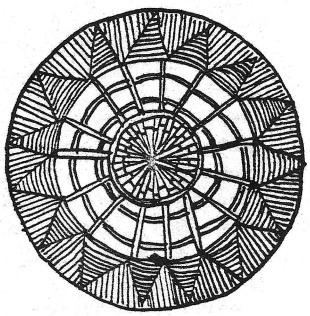
I heard a big door bang behind me. I was really trapped this time. What could I do?

A great big bird came and picked me up in its bill. I knew this was the end. But no. Instead I was dropped by the bird on to a large soft rubber sponge.

How glad I was to find myself in the land of the living.

Josephine Atkinson, 1st Year.

THE APPLE TREE



The apple tree in front of my window
Has lost its bridal gown.
Once the dainty petals
Hung in clusters on every bending bough,
The air mingled with their sweet scent.
As time passed on they fell softly like snow
And covered the green grass.

Then the leaves began to bud,
And slowly the boughs were covered in emeralds.
The light breeze made it a whispering tree,
And now I am waiting for the green apples to grow
And once again the branches will bend with the weight,
And when autumn has passed and winter comes
The snow will settle on the branches,
It will take me back to the spring,
When it was not snow that covered the tree but white blossom.

Teresa Lepora, 2nd Year.

D.Hopper

FIFTH FORM

Back row. Left to right.
Christopher Lewis,John Baynes,Kenneth Jackson,Peter Coe,Roger Thorogood,
Michael Pembrey,Michael Jennings,Geoffrey Whiffen,Stewart Meese,
Peter Vipers,David Hopper,Peter Clark,Christopher Nesbitt,Stephen Barnes,
Nicholas Lepora,Peter Bailey.
Second row.
Theresa Vial,Angela Nunn,Jennifer Harris,Patricia Smart,Estina Wallwork,
Dawn Hall,Mary Truelove,Joy Vincent,Carolyn Tebbit,Jean Newman,
Clarice Manning,Elizabeth Phillips.
Front row.
Andrew Lewandowski,Keith Walker,Philip Wright,Neil Ruffles,Keith Page,
Robin Knights,Gerald Fitzgerald,Brian Page.

INTER-VILLAGE COLLEGE ATHLETICS 1963

In the field events held at Sawston our boys' team scored 46 points and our girls 12 points. This enables our combined team to enter the track events at Bassingbourn as leading College with 58 points. In the track events our boys increased their point total to 91 and the girls increased theirs to 20. With a total score of 111 points our combined team gave Sawston the winning position at the meeting, with Comberton Village College in second place with 107 points.

Our boys' team performed very well and repeated Sawston's achievement of 1961 in winning the Webber Cup, presented to the most successful boys' team. The Martin Cup, presented to the best girls' team, was won by Linton Village College.

INDIVIDUAL RESULTS (Boys)

Group 1

100 yards	-	P.Knight	6th
4 x 110 Relay	-	P.Hurlow, P.Knight, P.Collen, C.Phillips	3rd

Group 2

100 yards	-	G.Felton	3rd
4 x 110 Relay	-	G.Felton, R. Skey, M.Travers, S.Kenward	1st
80 Yards Hurdles	-	G.Felton	5th
High Jump	-	T.Dick	3rd
Long Jump	-	G.Felton	4th
Shot	-	R.Taylor	1st
Discus	-	R.Clay	1st

Group 3

100 yards	-	M.Harradine	3rd
220 "	-	R.Amey	1st
440 "	-	P.Ainsworth	2nd
880 "	-	K.Betchley	5th
4 x 110 Relay	-	M.Harradine, R.Amey, A.Johnson, P.Ainsworth,	2nd
80 yards Hurdles	-	R.Amey	5th
High Jump	-	O.Karpuk	3rd
Long Jump	-	M.Harradine	2nd
Hop, Step, Jump	-	R.Amey	2nd
Shot	-	C.Gates	2nd
Discus	-	A.Johnson	3rd
Javelin	-	J.Knight	3rd

INDIVIDUAL RESULTS (Girls)

Group 1

100 yards	-	M.Bright	6th
4 x 110 yds relay	-	M.Bright, V.Howard, T.Veress, T.Lepora.	3rd

Group 2

4 x 110 yds relay	-	J.Turnbull, J.Jarvis, S.McFarlane, A.Brockwell.	5th
100 yards	-	J.Turnbull	6th

Group 3

150 yards		S. Latham	6th

1st XI FOOTBALL.

In spite of the Arctic weather, our 1st XI enjoyed a successful season that came to a glorious end at Milton Road on 10th May when it held the Grammar School to a draw in the final of the City Cup Competition. The team finished third in the City League and were losing finalists to Comberton in the Fordham Trophy. Throughout the season the team played hard and well, and even in defeat our boys did their utmost to play constructive football. Two of our boys were chosen for the South Cambridgeshire XI, Alan Johnson as Captain at centre half and Roland Amey in goal. Graham Felton was a member of the County's under - 14 XI.

Players:
R. Amey, T. Atkinson, K. Bedford, K. Betchley, I. Bullwinkle, H. Clack, R. Clay, B. Coe, G. Felton, S. Housden, A. Johnson (Captain), M. Jones, R. Mooney, D. Rusted, R. Skey, A. Skinner, K. Sparks.

LEAGUE MATCHES

Chesterton	3	Sawston	3	Netherhall	2	Sawston	1
Grammar	6	Sawston	2	Sawston	0	Manor	1
Sawston	1	Netherhall	0	Impington	1	Sawston	6

FRANCIS TROPHY FOOTBALL COMPETITION

The First XI and Colts XI represented the College in this competition, and in an exciting final at Impington won by an aggregate score of 8 goals to 6.

The First XI results were.

Linton	0	Sawston	2	Sawston	5	Melbourn	0
Bassingbourn	2	Sawston	3	Impington	1	Sawston	6
Sawston	5	Gamlingay	1				

2nd XI FOOTBALL

The Arctic weather resulted in the abandonment of the team's league programme but the team played enough matches to show that the players had learned much from their experience as last years' Colts XI. At Netherhall they showed the type of football that we expect of them next season.

Players:
C. Beard, G. Carter, R. Clay, D. Day, G. Felton (Captain), S. Housden, A. Hurry, A. May, P. Murray, J. Plant, C. Richmond, R. Skey, A. Skinner, B. Smith, R. Taylor, A. Wratten.

LEAGUE MATCHES

Chesterton	4	Sawston	4	Manor	3	Sawston	2
Coleridge	11	Sawston	1	Sawston	1	Coleridge	6
Sawston	2	St.Bedes	4	Sawston	0	Manor	1
Netherhall	2	Sawston	8				

COLTS XI FOOTBALL

From the first match of the season it was obvious that the Colts XI, fielding at times as many as seven first-year boys, faced an uphill task. In spite of heavy defeats the team gradually gained experience, and, as it showed in the later stages of the Francis Trophy Competition, was capable of good teamwork.

Players:
V. Daniels, A. Davis, C. Denny, M. Fell, P. Freestone, S. Hunt, P. Hurlow (Captain), A. Hurry, J. James, O. MacKay, P. May, J. Pesci, C. Phillips, T. Smith, D. Trent, J. Truelove.

LEAGUE MATCHES

Chesterton	7	Sawston	0	Sawston	2	Netherhall	5
Sawston	1	Coleridge	5	Coleridge	6	Sawston	3
Sawston	0	St.Bedes	4	Grammar	10	Sawston	3
Netherhall	12	Sawston	0	St.Bedes	3	Sawston	3

FRANCIS TROPHY FOOTBALL COMPETITION

Linton	9	Sawston	0	Sawston	3	Melbourn	2
Bassingbourn	0	Sawston	2	Impington	5	Sawston	2
Sawston	9	Gamlingay	0				

HOCKEY

After its heavy defeat in the match against Linton, our girls' hockey 1st XI gave improved displays in their later Francis Trophy matches. In the Inter-Village College Hockey Tournament our 1st and 2nd XI's gained third place.

1st XI Players:
S. Blyth, M. Bright, A. Brockwell, J. Carter, H. Chapman, L. Cocks (Captain) P. Evans, P. Fell, S. Felton, R. Hanneman, T. Lepora, A. Medcalfe, D. Pugh, J. Rozier, S. Teversham, R. Thompson, T. Veress, P. Wilson, I. Winter.

FRANCIS TROPHY MATCHES

Sawston	0	Linton	13	Sawston	5	Gamlingay	0
Sawston	2	Bassingbourn	0	Sawston	2	Melbourn	0

OTHER MATCHES

1st XI	3	Netherhall	1	2nd year XI	0	Netherhall	1
2nd XI	0	Netherhall	0				

2nd XI Players:
M. Bright, L. Ellis, S. Felton, D. Knightley, H. Palmer, (Captain), P. Pearman, D. Read, J. Rozier, N. Starling, T. Veress, S. Watkins.

CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNING

Three boys have won representative honours this year. Running against Holbrook Naval School at Ipswich, Peter May came twelfth in the junior race. Against Kimbolton at Swavesey, May came fourth in the junior race and his brother Anthony was sixth in the senior. At Huntingdon, Peter May was seventh in the junior race while Anthony May and Derek Walsgrove were eighth and sixteenth, respectively, in the senior race. Facing strong opposition, our boys ran well and deserved their success.

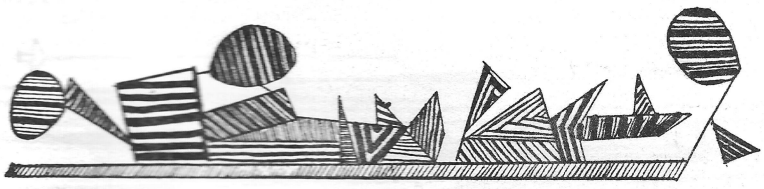
In the Francis Trophy Cross-Country Competition, the College team came second for the third year running.

BASKETBALL

In a series of league matches, the College team lost all its matches, but in many cases only by the odd basket. The team has great potential and the juniors who have played will serve as a good foundation for future years.

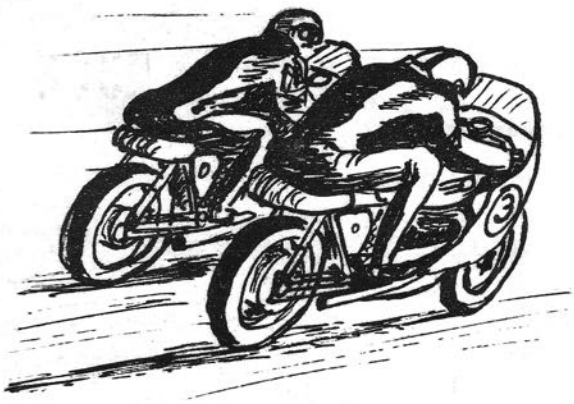
RUGBY FOOTBALL

The bad weather reduced the College's fixture list to one match in which the College XI lost to Lakenham School, Norwich, by 14 points to nil. From the Cambridgeshire Trials A. Johnson was chosen to play at centre three-quarter and John Knight as a second-row forward in the County Under 15 team. For the first time, a seven-a-side rugby competition was held for Village College sides and Sawston competed successfully against Impington and Soham, but lost in the final.



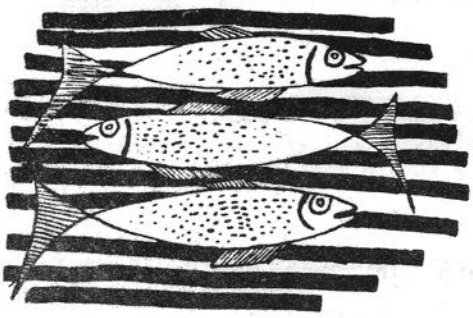
MOTORCYCLIST

Kicking, kicking, engine splutters lively,
Roaring, roaring,
Into first, coughing, away smoothly,
Exhaust crackling, throttle widening
Wider, wider.
Into second, third and fourth,
Hurtling, 50 - 60.
There's a car, watch me catch it,
Faster, faster,
Engine screaming, revving,
Needle hovers, 90 - 100.
Now we're slowing, slowing, slowing,
Needle dips,
Into third and then to second
20 - 10,
Into pit, now we stop,
Engine hot, splutters, breathless,
Now we rest.



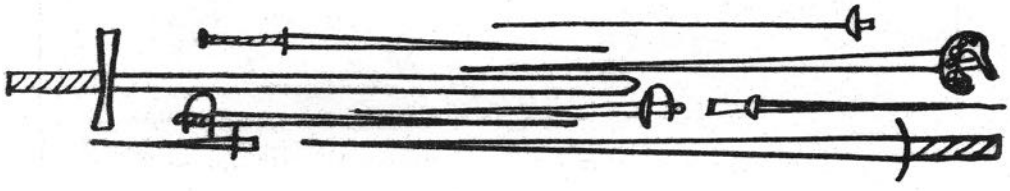
John Brown, 5th Year.

TELEVISION



Hours are spent watching television.
People sit glued to it,
Comedy, plays, music, news.
The money doesn't worry us,
The time doesn't worry us;
To miss a minute of telly,
That worries us.
We don't have time to read,
We watch telly.
We don't have time to do our homework,
We watch telly.
If there were no telly
What would we do?
No one knows.
Doctors say it's bad for our eyes,
Teachers say it's bad for our brains.
But, whatever happens we still watch telly.
Whether B.B.C. or I.T.V., we still watch
Telly, Telly, Telly.

David Lilley, 4th Year.



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